

# SEEN HERE AND HEREABOUTS THIS WEEK BY THE TIMES' STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Ever note Uncle Nick Altrock, Washington's great baseball comedian, on a close play at first base? Carl T. Thoner went out the other day and grabbed these pictures and offered the following description: In the first one on the left Uncle Nick is seen just as his teammate has slid up against the bag. Note the smile of pleased expectation? Uncle Nick is ready to echo, "He's safe!" But, to the comedian's consternation, the umpire cried, "He's out!" And Uncle Nick, in the middle picture, is seen

grumbling to himself, "What's that?" And, quick as a flash, Uncle Nick gazes down at the bag, noting the position of the runner lying prostrate on the ground, and it takes little imagination to believe him saying, "Fine stuff. That's how we lose ball games." Why the gasses in these pictures? Oh, well—maybe that's to make it the more difficult. Or maybe it's merely a sweet suggestion from Uncle Nick that the umpires might come closer to the truth of things if they donned the cheaters. You'll have to ask Uncle Nick for the real answer. Carl Thoner forgot to say.



A bridal gown of seven decades ago! In 1851 it won its wearer the admiration of a host of wedding guests; in 1920—last Thursday evening—it won its wearer something more substantial, the first prize at the Old Clothes Party held at the Washington Club. The prize, incidentally, was ten pounds of real sugar—and that's something! The dress was worn by Miss Nannie Macomb, daughter of General M. M. Macomb, and is the identical gown worn by her mother on her wedding day.



A charming photograph of pretty little Miss Betty Baker, daughter of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker. This photograph was taken recently at a lawn and garden fete in the Capital for the benefit of the Near East Relief Fund. Miss Betty proved herself an accomplished and attractive dancer.



Four hundred Washingtonians cheered this spectacle in front of the Treasury Building last Wednesday noon. Members of the American Picket Association, who patrolled the street bearing banners denouncing English despotism in Ireland, burned the Union Jack to a crisp without official interference, while soldiers, sailors and citizens looked on and applauded. While Miss Mary Keena, of Newark, N. J., held the flag, Miss Kathleen Savage, of Everett, Mass., sprinkled oil on it and Miss Helen O'Brien, of Boston, applied the match. While the flag was burning, one big chief machinist's mate of one of our warships yelled: "If they want me to, I'll go over and burn up England for them!" About ten minutes after the flag had been burned, headquarters detectives arrived on the scene, but refused to make arrests on the ground that the flag had been burned before their arrival. Notice the references on the placards the pickets carry to the oil question.

What became of the soldier's sword? This is one of the four figures at the corners of the Sherman monument in back of the Treasury. The sword which he had been holding in his outstretched hands has been missing for some time. Col. C. A. Ridley, superintendent of public buildings and grounds, yesterday stated that no report had yet been made of the absence of the sword.



It's no wonder at all that the tidal basin bathing beach is so popular! Here are three potent reasons—at the left is pretty Louise Fuller; at the right, alluring Anna G. Hayden; and in the center, bewitching Helen Montgomery, all Washington girls, to whom the

opening of the Bathing Beach is something to be considered. While Atlantic City, Rockaway Beach, and other more or less famous resorts point frantically to their bathing girls and shout, "Look at our

beach beauties!" and while Mack Sennett's much-photographed bathing girls make Los Angeles' beaches notable, the District sits calmly back and smiles in the proud realization that they haven't anything

at all on little old Washington when it comes to a combination of pretty girls and very easy rules as to the amount of bathing suit they should wear. And yet several thousand persons paid \$4.10 to see The Follies!